JOHN BULL's
Laſt WILL and TESTAMENT,
As it was Drawn by a
WELCH Attorney.
WITH A
PREFACE
TO THE
Ar--p of C--r.

By an Eminent Lawyer of the Temple.

Hæc ut his Tabulis, Cuique Suæ Pecuniæ Jussit, ita do, ita lego, itaque Testor, Ita Tabulas vos Quirites Testimonium Perhibeto.

Rosini *Antiq. Rom. lib. 8. cap. 6.*

London, Printed, and Sold by S. Popping, at the *Raven* in *Pater-noſter-row*, 1713.
Price 4 d.

JOHN BULL;

A LETTER

WITH A

PREFACE

TO THE

Ar[illegible] p[illegible]G[illegible]:

By an Eminent Lawyer of the Temple.

Hæc ut Ita Dicatis, Cerifæ Scripta
Pueri, ita do, ita lego, ita tefter, I-
taque vos Quirites Reipublicæ præ-
cipete.

Robin. Antiq. Rom. lib. 8. cap. 6.

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PREFACE

To His Grace the

An Abstract of [illegible]

By an Eminent Lawyer of the Temple.

May it please your Grace,

MY Lord Coke, in the Fourth Part of his Institutes of the Laws of England, tells us, that the Prerogative Court of the Archbishops of Canterbury is the Court wherein all Testaments are proved, and all Administrations granted, where the Party Dying within the Province hath Bona Notabilia in some other Diocese than where he Dieth, &c.

This then being premiſed, it is to be hop'd that your *G——ce* will not think me Impertinent in this my preſent Application to your *G——ce*; for to whom could I ſo properly addreſs a Thing of this Nature? To whom could I more naturally apply to in my Diſcourſe about a *Will*, than to him who is the Head of that Court which muſt give the Sanction to it?

Pardon me, my Lord, for this Trouble, which I had never given your *Gr——ce*, had not this Caſe been the moſt Extraordinary that has yet been heard of (I may venture to ſay) even in *Chriſtendom*.

I know not whether your *G——ce* was ever acquainted with the Perſon whoſe *Will* I bear offer to your *G——ces* Conſideration; tho' indeed I have ſome Reaſon to think that your *G——ce* heretofore might have known him, as being the moſt Famous Clothier, and Greateſt Trader, in *Europe*, and the moſt Remarkable Man in the Kingdom of *Great-Britain*; Remarkable, *my Lord*, both *in his Senſes*, and *out*

of his Senses too, the latter of which your G—ce will soon perceive by this his Extravagant *Last Will and Testament*.

I must confess, my Lord, for my own Part, that no Man within the Four Seas had greater Respect and Love for *John Bull*, whose *Will* this is, than myself; no Man would have gone farther to have serv'd him; no Man admired his Perfections more: —— But —— this his Last *Will* has astonish'd me, my Lord, and fill'd me with nothing but Ideas of Madness and Ruin; *Madness* of the Defunct Devisor, and *Ruin* of his poor Children. —— In whose Behalf, my Lord, as I am always pitiful to the Unfortunate, so I now unfeed address your G—ce; and with so much the more Assurance, as I well know your G—ce's Readiness in Assisting and Relieving the Distressed. On which Account I beg your G—ce's Patience, while I offer a few Reasons why this Ruinous Will of my Friend *John Bull* should not stand Valid,

By

By an Act of 34, 35. *Hen.* 8. *cap.* 5. it is Enacted, that *Wills made of any Manners, &c. by any Woman-Covert, or Person under Twenty-one Years of age, Idiot, or by any Person non de sane Memory, shall not be taken to be Good and Effectual in Law.*

Now I grant that *John Bull* cannot come under the Two first Predicaments, that is to say, we cannot call him by the Title of *Feme-Covert*; neither can we tax him with Nonage; neither will we charge him with Ideosy, as having heretofore done Things both Noble and Rational: ——— But, my Lord, if we plainly shew, that this said *John Bull* was *non de sane Memory* at and before the making this Will, then I think our Argument proving the Invalidity of *John Bull's* Will must stand good.

I shall not pretend to find Fault with the Will itself, no, not so much as that Paragraph which gives his Estate to the Church, because the Statute of *Mortmain* has been very lately and very wisely Repealed.

And

And therefore as a *Will*, be it ever so well and accurately drawn, yet if the Testator be not *de sane Memory*, the *Will* can never be valid; so in order to anul this *Will*, we shall attempt to prove, that this *John Bull* for several Months before his Death was *non compos mentis*, or, *non de sane Memory*.

To prove which we shall shew you, Since what were *John's* Sentiments, and what were his daily Declarations, sometime before he fell into this Frenzy, or into this his mad Alienation of Opinion, which produced this *doting Will*.

First, He has been often heard to declare, That the Interest of his Children was what lay nearest at his Heart.

Secondly, That his principal Care was to promote his Family, and to secure his Trade to his Children.

Thirdly, That he abominated Popery; and that he would disinherit any of his Children who should be of that Religion, or encourage Popishness

ness *Signiora Bubonia* the Scarlet Whore of *Babylon*, Antichrist, Idolater, and what not.

Fourthly, That he loved his Neighbour *South* as his own Child, and that he would spend the last Peny of his Money to serve him.

Fifthly, That the Neighbour Corporation of *Frog-Town* were always his best Friends, and that he would never be other wise than a firm Friend to them.

Sixthly, That his Neighbour *Dewis Baboon*, Vintner, was the vilest of Mortals, the most Perjured, Faithless, Tricking Fellow in the Universe; that he was the Pest of the Country; that if his Estate, which was too Exorbitant already, should be any larger, it would be impossible to Live by him.

All this, my Lord, and much more, can we prove beyond all Contradiction.

But, my Lord, view his Will, and there your Grace will find, that instead of Loving his Children, bearing for his Trade, his *Religion*, or his

Neigh-

heirs, he has left his *All* from them, to be disposed of by *Lewis Baboon*, the only Enemy he had in the World.

This unaccountable Turn and Alteration of Opinion all his Life-time he never offered to give a Reason for; and all that we are able to say in that Case, even on his Behalf, will only aggravate his Distraction and Infanity: For what Mortal will not conclude him Mad, that hears the Story of his Conversion, (as he himself was pleased to term it,) which in short is this.

Sometime ago *John Bull* went to his Parish-Church, where his *Parson* got up in the Pulpit, and instead of Preaching the Word of God, and the Way to Heaven, he fell into a Foul *Billingsgate Rant*, calling Poor *John* a Thousand Hard Names, such as *Blood-thirsty Villain, False-hearted, Insidious, Wretched, Empty, Hypocritical, Sophister, Impudent, Boasting, Pretender, Schismatical Impostor, A Treacherous, False-hearted, Knave, an Obstinate, Moody, Wayward, and Self-conceited, Hypocrite and Enthusiast;*

with an infinite Number of vile Appellations, much more becoming the Mouth of a Dray-man or Oyſter-wench than a Divine; telling him too at the ſame Time, that he was a Slave, and ſhould be damned if he offered to ſave his own Goods, or his Life; nay, *he ſhould be Damned if 'twas for the Saving his own Soul.* —— This, my Lord, angered *John* much, ſo that the next Day in his Wrath he gets him ſome Nails and a Hammer, and nails up the Pulpit-door. —— This every one thought was but a *Moderate* Revenge for ſo *High* an Affront. —— But now, my Lord, behold how unaccountably and fantaſtically *John Bull* changes his Opinion; —— no ſooner had he nail'd up the *Parſon*'s Pulpit faſt, but he fell to kiſſing the Parſon's Poſt——

——rs in the moſt Amorous Manner imaginable, kneeling down and adoring him, and crying out that he was a *Slave* to all Intents and Purpoſes; and that he would *never quarrel or fight on any Pretence whatſoever*: Nay, *my Deareſt Doctor*, (would he often ſay,)

ſay) *to prove how willing I am to endure any Thing, I will fight every Fellow I meet, and he that ſays I am not Paſſive, I'll knock his Brains out.* Then would he go and break Folks Windows, pull their Houſes down, drag every one he met in the Kennel, calling them Quarrelſome Raſcals, Mutinous Dogs, and Breakers of her Maj——y's Peace; Rogues that would not let him paſs the Streets in Quiet. ——But not to tire your G——ce with a long Detail of *John Bull*'s mad Pranks, I will only add this, —— That in about Three Years after he was thus firſt taken ill in his *Cranium*, *John Bull*, by the Perſuaſion of a Knaviſh Steward which he kept in his Houſe, makes this *Will* that I here preſent to your G--ce: This Steward's Name, my Lord, was *Roger Bold*; he was originally a *Welch* Attorney, a Fellow always us'd to the Knaviſh and Tricking Part of the Law, accuſtomed continually to take Fees on both Sides; and as he was a Wicked and Treacherous Fellow, ſo he commonly favour-

ed and undertook the unjuſt Side of the Cauſe. This Man, as he had perſuaded his Maſter to Make a *Will*, ſo he took Care to Draw it himſelf, which he has done in ſo flagrant a Manner, that I doubt not but when your G——ce has perus'd it, you'll be of the ſame Opinion with me, that this Pettifogger was very roundly Fee'd for it by *Lewis Baboon*, whom in the very Literal Meaning of the *Roman* Appellation of a Perſon left Heir *in Teſtamento per æs & libram*, we may juſtly term (in this Caſe) *Familiæ Emptor*.

To conclude; no ſooner was this Mad, this Scandalous *Will* drawn, but *John Bull* ſent his Chaplain, with ſome other of his Servants, to Market to Buy *Hemp*; which they did, and knowing pretty well their Maſter's Intentions, Bought it ready Manufactured. This *Hemp*, my Lord, grew on *Lewis Baboon*'s Eſtate; and ſome ſay therefore that it was given by the ſaid *Lewis*; but be that as it will, no ſooner did the Load of Hemp come Home,

Home, but *John Bull* fasten'd one a strong Rope, and by the Help of his Trusty and Faithful Servants, (if I may use the Expression,) fairly hanged himself, having first pinn'd this Verse of *Thomas Sternhold's* on his Breast.

Psalm 4. Verse 9.

In Peace therefore lye down will I,
Taking my Rest and Sleep;
For thou only *will me, O L—d,*
Alone *in Safety keep.*

My Lord, this Story is so Notorious, that it would be bringing of Witnesses to prove that the Sun shines, should I endeavour to add Evidence for the Truth of it; therefore I will not attempt a Thing so ridiculous, lest I myself, while I am taxing another with Madness, should incur the same Censure.

And now, my Lord, I leave it to your *Gr—ce's* Judgment, whether there needs farther Proof of *John Bull's* Insanity, or no: To me (with vast Deference to your *G——ce's* Penetration

tration be it ſpoken) it plainly appears that this Teſtator, *John Bull*, was wholly uncapable by the Act of *Hen.* VIII. (as is before ſhew'd) to Deviſe by Will.

On which Score we hope this Mad, this Illegal Teſtament, may never be *Prov'd* in your *Gr——ce*'s Court; nor *Adminiſtration Granted*, to the great Detriment of *John Bull*'s Diſtreſſed Children. In whoſe Name I am to render your *Gr——ce* Infinite and Hearty Thanks for the many Bleſſings they have already obtain'd thro' your *Gr——ce*'s Means.

And may your *Gr——ce* enjoy yet a much longer Term of YEARS, with the greateſt Addition of Happineſs.

That thereby your *Gr——ce* may have not only the Pleaſure of Doing farther Good, but likewiſe the Satisfaction of Receiving the Grateful Acknowledgments of your Goodneſs from all thoſe who are really Lovers of their Religion and Countrey.

That

That thereby the Church and Nation may yet reap the Benefit of having so Great a Patriot,

That thereby the Hopes of a *worthless gaping Crew* may be entirely defeated,

Is the Hearty Prayer

Of your Gr——ce's

Most humble Admirer,

Philonomus Eleutherus.

JOHN

JOHN BULL's
Last WILL and TESTAMENT,
As it was Drawn by a
WELCH Attorney.

In the Name of Peace. Amen.

Imprimis, I *John Bull*, having been lately *in my Senses*, as it plainly appears in my History, set forth to that Purpose by an Able Hand, do in this my *Last Will* and *Testament*

—— Give and Bequeath my Life and Spirit to *Jacobitism* and *Infatuation*.

Item, My Body to be Buried in the Churchyard of *Slavery*.

Item, To my very good Neighbour *Lewis Baboon*, whom I declare to be my *Sole Executor*, all my Goods and Chatrels.

Item

Item, I give my Three Farms to him and his Heirs for ever, to be manag'd and disposed of by the said *Lewis Baboon*, as he shall think fit, without Impeachment of Waste; Notwithstanding which, it is my positive *Will*, that the said *Lewis Baboon* shall let my Three Farms to my pretended Kinsman *Don Cheualero L'Abjurado*, he paying what Rent the said *Lewis* shall demand.

Item, I Bequeath to him the said *Lewis Baboon*, and his Heirs for ever, my Neighbour *Charles South*'s Estate; and on my Credit it is but Just and Reasonable he should have it, otherwise he would not be so Rich and so Great as his Neighbours.

Item, I leave entirely my Shop and Trade to my Executor *Lewis Baboon*, together with all my Tools, still giving a Free Liberty to my Children to carry on my Clothing Trade if they can without them.

Item,

Item, To my Dear Children I leave a safe Trade to *Terra Australis Incognita*, whither they may export the Cloth they make.

Item, To my Dear Children, in order to support their Trade, I give an Empty Purse. —— I order my Steward, *Roger Bold*, to see this *Item* perform'd and for his Pains I give him what little Money is left in it.

Item, For a farther Encouragement to this their said Trade, I ordain in my Will, that *Lewis Baboon* shall hold the Strings of the said Purse, so that they may not hoyd up Money in it without the said *Lewis Baboon*'s Leave.

Item, I give Full Permission to my Children to Sell what Wooll they will to *Lewis Baboon*, for, I fear they cannot Manufacture it themselves. This likewise will be a good Expedient to keep their Ratcally Weavers from being too Proud.

Item, I leave to my said Children a great Chest full of Broken Promises and Crack'd Oaths; likewise a vast

Cargo

Cargo of Ropes made with Sand, and Chains forg'd out of true *Southern* Wind; also a whole Sideboard of Golden Promises, and Leaden Performances; which were all Presents made to me by my Friend *Lewis Baboon*.

Item, I give to each of my Children a dainty Pair of Crutches, nicely cut out of a Windshaken Piece of Timber call'd *Bona fide*; —— these they may safely rely on in Time of Need.

Item, To my Dearly Beloved Children I Bequeath a Ship-load of Wooden Shoes, to be given them by my Executor *Lewis Baboon*.

Item, To all my Protestant Friends, I leave each a Bench to sit on, in my Executor *Lewis Baboon*'s Pleasure Boats.

Item, To my Good Neighbour *Nicholas Frog*, Mayor of *Frog-Town*, and to all his Brethren the *Aldermen*, I bequeath and devise each a Chain, to be provided at the Charge of *Lewis Baboon*.

Item, My Protestant Nephew I leave to the Good Will and Courtesy of *Lewis Baboon*.

Item, To my Dearly Beloved Wife, Ah Poor Woman! I Bequeath to her a Pair of Spectacles.

Item, To all those who depended on my Friendship, I devise Caps and Bells.

Item, My Religion I Bequeath to her Holiness *Signiora Babonia*, who shall have Power to Amend, Alter, and Add to it, as she shall in her great Wisdom think fit.

Item, To Holy Mother Church, I Give and Devise all my Abby Lands which have been so long and sacrilegiously detain'd by me from her.

Item, My Sences and my Understanding I give to the Reverend the *Parson of our Parish*, who is herewithal desired to lock them up safe in the Vestry.

Item, My Conscience I likewise give to him the said *Parson of our Parish*, ready Saddled and Bridled; pray Doctor use the Beast gently.

Lastly,

Lastly, To Five Hundred and odd of my Acquaintance, whose Names may be found recorded in my Sheep-book, I bequeath a large Bundle of Rods, which Rods, according to the Saying of the Wiseman, would have well Applied

JOHN BULL.

Sign'd in the Presence of

Matthew Pint-pot.

Arthur Shipkeeper.

Abigail Canning.

Her ✕ Mark.

THE CODICIL

Annex'd to the WILL of

John Bull, &c.

I *John Bull*, Clothier, being willing to Die in Peace, and with a quiet Conscience, cannot but think it highly Reasonable that those from whom I have received Signal Services should be by me as signally rewarded. —— To this End, and that the Odious Charge of Ingratitude may not be laid on my Memory, I Give and Devise as follows.

Imprimis, To my true and trusty Servants, as Rewards for their great Care in getting me *Hemp* to hang myself,

ſelf, they being moſt of them Originally *Beggars*, I give *Horſes* to ride on, and *Stalls* to put them in.

Item, My Honeſt Steward *Roger Bold*, for the many *Bold* Strokes he has ſtruck, and for his great Trouble in drawing this my Will, I leave immediate Truſtee for my Children, with whoſe Money he has hereby Authority to pay his own Debts, and likewiſe to apply as much of the reſt as he pleaſes to his own proper Uſe.

Item, To my Learned and Able *Council* who gave their Opinions on this my Laſt *Will*, I leave them their Fees to be paid by *Lewis Baboon*.

Item, To all or any Servant or Servants who have or may have done me any Extraordinary Piece of Service either by loſing Goods, Limbs, Life, or Freedom, —— I Give and Bequeath a ſingle Copy of my Countenance.

Item, To my Head Workman *John Victor*, for his Malicious Endeavour to to perſuade me not to make this *Will*; and likewiſe for his Felonious and Treacherous Attempt to ſave me from

Hang-